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Glasgow, Manchester and Birmingham are still the foremost industrial centers of Europe.

Out of the 400 young men graduated from Harvard College this year not a single one intends to take up the study of theology.

Governor Black, of New York, said in Syracuse at a recent meeting of the representatives of institutions embraced in the University of the State of New York that if educators should enter politics there would be no harm to them, but politics would be much more clean and pure.

A genuine hearty laugh is an aid to digestion, a stimulus to the circulation of the blood and a positive beautifier. The whole system is benefited by a cheerful, merry laugh, and one's friends are attracted by the bright, wholesome nature that ripples out in sunny music like a happy woodland stream.

Says the Philadelphia Call: These evidences of wealth, particularly the irresistible fascination of gold, have started a tide of emigration to Alaska that will cover her barren wastes with the evidences of civilization. Cities and towns will spring up. Railroads and other means of transportation must follow, and Alaska will not be long in seeking admission to the Union.

The Florida Citizen says: A pretty girl of sweet sixteen in Pennsylvania reached for a flower and a snake on the bough bit her arm. She fainted and a young man found her, threw water in her face and was hysterically told she had been bitten by a rattlesnake. He drew away the poison with his lips, and now there is the foundation for a thrilling romance. But after they are married some crusty old fellow will tell her that a rattlesnake cannot climb a bush, and then she will know that the blacksnake is harmless. Will there be a divorce? But John has not told Bertha yet.

Statistics of the foreign trade of Germany have just been published showing that its exports and imports have both increased year by year, the latter having more than doubled in a decade, while the former have gone ahead steadily, though in a less degree. Caprivi's commercial treaties with Russia and Austria have worked well and, notwithstanding much initial opposition, their good results are now apparent to everybody. Since they went into effect three years ago the imports have increased 272,500,000 marks, and the exports 702,300,000 marks. The Agrarians fought the treaties at every step, but in the face of their prosperous effects they are now mute.

There are in this country, states the Newcastle (England) Chronicle, 180,000 families dependent on the bicycle trade; and the trade is sure to increase, as people will come to look upon a bicycle as they now do a suit of clothes, not as if it were an obelisk designed to last forever. When this time comes, says a writer in a contemporary, a man will buy a new bicycle every two or three years and be happy. This year persons in the British Empire will spend about \$117,000,000 on bicycles, and if the steel required to make these hundreds of thousands of wheels were converted into war vessels, the result would be a fleet of ships sufficient in numbers and power to make any of the smaller Continental Powers feel distinctly uncomfortable. One cannot eat bicycles. But bread is the staple food of many people, and this year we shall spend more money for bicycles than for bread, and nearly as much as we shall spend for meat.

The failure of Decker, Howell & Co., prominent brokers of Wall street, New York City, occasioned by the rise in sugar, recalls the fact that this firm failed in the "Baring panic" of November 11th, 1890, with liabilities of \$12,000,000. The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger furnishes the following interesting and concise history of that event: "The incident is notable in the history of the street as one of the cases of phenomenally rapid recovery of financial standing and for one of the biggest fees ever paid to a lawyer. Decker, Howell & Co. were Mr. Vildard's brokers. The panic swamped them. William Nelson Crowell, their assignee, succeeded in straightening out their affairs, paying their creditors in full and getting them in condition for a new start in business in sixty days. The statutory fee received by the assignee was \$250,000, and so pleased were the creditors with his work that they afterwards presented to him a set of silver plate, valued at \$50,000, as a testimonial. It remains to be seen whether so happy a result all around will follow the present complications.

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

In pensive mood I often sit through evening hours ago And think of all the happy days that passed in years ago; I love in fancy to recall those joyous days of youth, To visit past remembered scenes and live them o'er and o'er. My eyes are growing dimmer with the years that roll away, My step is slow and feeble, and my locks, alas are gray, Yet when in pensive mood I sit I feel again the glow Of youth that thrilled my happy heart in days of long ago.

THE HONORABLE ANNE.

By EDITH ALLANDAILE.

AL HING'S welcome when I came, a bride, to the ranch was not the warmest. The dusky adobe wall, throwing him into picturesque relief, he stood on the ranch-house veranda, his face full of suppressed excitement.

"You tell me," he muttered, "who boss, now Mr. Allandale get married?" "All same as before," was my ready rejoinder. The crafty features relaxed, and Ah Ging disappeared kitchenward, his pig-tail having struck the dominant note in my first impressions of Vaquero Water.

Cedric smiled at me approvingly. "Well you were so diplomatic, else he'd have left by the morning stage. It's awfully unromantic, darling, but the drive has made me beastly hungry. Let's see what the old chap has for us."

"He meant the baby," suggested Cedric. "He say debbil. Me go. No China boy stay here. Heap scared of debbil."

"Try a girl," implored Cedric. "It's no joke driving ten miles a day to the station. We tried, in turn: Gretchen, who left within the week to 'learn religion'; Bridget, who declined working under an Englishman; the widow, whose tears, as she recounted her woes, sizzled over the stove; Decie, who disliked low wages, though she found no fault with me, and Samantha, who objected to the lack of scenery. Useless to point out the Brush Hills' mellow charm, distant mountain, oak-dotted meadows, Samantha remained obdurate. 'It may suit you, Mrs. Allandale,' she continued, pityingly, 'to see nothing but land. I like it like it was in Tulare. There you kin see houses thick as peas in a pod an' people passin' all day. That's the scenery for me, so I guess I'll pack my freight.'"

Which she proceeded to do, and had barely driven out of sight when a young girl, tall, slim and neatly dressed, stepped on the veranda. "If you please, ma'am," she quietly said, "I heard that you wanted a girl; can I have the place?" I heard her history, which was simple. The previous year she had come from England to join her brother on a claim, had fallen ill, had gone to the county hospital at La Huerta, had come thence to me. While hearing these details, Cedric returned. But one conclusion could be drawn from his utter dejection. "No girl," was stamped on every feature. Samantha had recommended me to Odessa Green, who, less exacting in regard to scenery, was willing to leave the family pig-pen for a month's change, provided the washing was put out, Mrs. Allandale helped with the dishes, the afternoon were free, and a horse every Sunday was at her disposal. I knew the type, ignorant, slatternly, familiar. Contrasting with it the new-comer, my resolution was taken. "No, Cedric, I have a servant already."

"Why, she met the man only last night." "Something will come of it, trust a woman's intuition." "Thanks, no!" he retorted, with a cheerful grin. "No telling into what man's nest I might be led. Never mind, darling, you did your best. We can't all be born detectives."

Scientific and Industrial. Jamaica is pointed out as the land of ferns, its species numbering between 400 and 500. It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks from the earth about 123 tons of water.

Did Anne guess that her identity was known, my life, I feared, would pay the penalty. To ignore the situation, live through the night if possible, and trust to someone turning up in the morning was all that could be done. Milking-time brought fresh terrors. How guard one's self, with both hands engaged letting down floods of warm, innocent milk? Dinner was eaten hurriedly, with the same feeling of uneasiness. Billikins tucked in his crib, Anne retired early, and, every second on the alert, I was left alone to watch the nursery door.

It fascinated me. Who would open it? Anne, to hide among the canons till the posse had returned to its Tulare home? Or Henry Smith, to make an end of me and flee? Truly, the ranch momentary was broken at last. Scarcely the clock ticked, slowly the hands went round, an hour passed. A movement in the adjoining room, and literally my blood ran cold. That had hitherto seemed a mere figure of speech. The sound ceased, and still I watched the nursery door. At last, when my brain would have turned with more, I heard a sound which, faint at first, grew louder and louder. "Oh, heaven," I cried, "the blood-hounds!" and fell senseless to the ground.

Slowly returned to consciousness, my gaze fell on Cedric, the La Huerta sheriff, and Anne—Anne anxiously applying restoratives! "Take him away," I gasped; he will murder us!" "You are raving!" cried Cedric; "that is Anne."

The Honorable Anne next day gave warning. "If you please, ma'am, you and Mr. Allandale have been very kind, and I love Mr. Billikins like my own, but I can't stay where I've been so misjudged."

"Your stepfather?" "Yes, ma'am, mother married Jim Waite the second time, and it was him that came with the posse and frightened me. He was such a bad, cruel man that I couldn't stand it, so I ran away."

"How did you happen to reach Vaquero Water?" "With some friends in one of those big wagons they call 'prairie schooners.' Tulare folks go to the coast every year; but they don't dare go there straight, it's too much change. They always stop at the Iron Spring to cool off first. To cool off at the shade! 'Soon as we came to the spring, I heard about you, and thought I'd try for the place.' "But how much better to have told me the truth."

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Ancient Habits—Good Riddance—From From—Delivered—A Distinction—At the Dog Show—Not a Sensitive Plant—Academic Lecture—A Second Edition, She's a graduate of Vassar. And her knowledge is immense. And, though beautiful and stylish, she is full of common sense; she can talk in French and German, she reads Homer in the Greek, and 'tis worth your while to listen when it pleases her to speak. She can read the hieroglyphics on the tombs along the Nile; she can read discourses on physics in an interesting style. But, in spite of all her learning she stops backward from the car, and she always stops and wishes when she sees a shooting star.

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WATCHWORDS OF LIFE.

While there's a hope to strike; While there's a young heart brave; While there's a task un wrought; While there's a God to save; That there's a work for each; That there's a faith in God; That there's a crown reserved; Though 'neath the cloud and sod; Where there's a foe that wrongs; When there's a brother's need; When there's a tempter near; Pray, Both in thy word and deed.

Humor of the Day. "So your son has completed his education?" "Great Scott! No! Why, he's just out of college!"—Detroit News. "Has Bigmoney any poor relatives?" "He doesn't know. He isn't dead yet."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

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